THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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"Thou gavest also thy good spirit to instruct them." "Their children multipliest thou also as the stars of heaven." Nehemiah chap. 9.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION AND PROGRESS OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARY'S, BALTIMORE.

THE rapid progress of the Baltimore College and the high advantages derived from it, of which its pupils have given such satisfactory proofs, in the course of the examinations which have just taken place, have determined us no longer to defer giving the public an account of its establishment, the authenticity of which we guarantee. As having had it a long time in view to present our readers with some details relative to an object so important to our country, we have made it a point to procure our information from the most undoubted sources.

We may venture to say, without the fear of being considered as enthusiasts, that the college of St. Mary's, owes its origin, its progress, & its present flourishing condition, to that tutelary genius, which seems to have destined America, to emerge so rapidly & with so much lustre, from the darkness in which she had been involved until the present period.

It is well known that the president of this college, laid its first foundation, without possibly foreseeing, that he prepared for his adoptive country, a place of education, which was soon to concentrate in the bosom of America all those advantages we had hitherto been compelled to seek, so far from home, and at such immense expence, for forming the understandings and developeing the taste and the talents of youth.

To be convinced of this, it will suffice to remember what is well known here, that the founder of St. Mary's College had resolved seven or eight years ago, to leave this continent where the liberal plan of education he had formed, instead of finding the encouragement with which he had flattered himself, met with obstacles he despaired of surmounting. His intention then was to yield to the eager wishes of the inhabitants of the Havanna, who having been informed of his plan by the prospectus which had reached them from the College, which he conducted on the banks of the Potowmak, they ardently desired to establish a seminary of education in their city, where their children might be brought up, under their own eye and in their own principles.

It was precisely this projected departure of Mr. Du Bourg, which tended to destroy the hopes, that many American parents had conceived for the education of their children, which proved ultimately the cause of this distinguished gentleman's consecrating henceforth his talents and his activity to the instruction of our youth.

Returned from the Havanna to Baltimore in August 1799, to await in the bosom of his family and his numerous friends the reply of the king of Spain, to the application which had been made him on the subject of the college, by the inhabitants of the Havanna, Mr. du Bourg was far from thinking, that he had placed the first stones of an university, for the existence of which we are indebted to him. He had brought with him some children from the Havanna, who had been provisionally confided to him, because not a doubt was entertained that his Catholic majesty would immediately permit them to welcome the return of Mr. Du Bourg and their children to their city.

Mr. Du Bourg only thought of profiting by this interval of repose and hope, to commence the education of the young Spaniards, who had followed him, and to seek the fellow labourers, whose assistance he would require, to execute on his return to the Havanna, the magnificent plan of education he had proposed. For this purpose, he retired with his young pupils to the seminary of Baltimore, which thus became the cradle of the future college. But he was very soon assailed with petitions on the part of French families dispersed in such numbers on the shores of this continent. Each solicited permission for their children, to participate with the Spanish pupils, the cares and in-

structions of their enlightened preceptor. He found it impossible to refuse them : consented therefore to permit a dozen of the children of unfortunate French emigrants, to participate in the private lessons, which he had at first designed, only for his Spanish pupils, at the same time informing their parents that it would be only for a temporary period, and until he could return to the Havanna, to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with its inhabitants.

The expected answer at length arrived, but fortunately for this country, it was as contrary to the hopes of the heads of families at the Havanna, as it was favourable to the wants and wishes of the French families, who had taken refuge here.

It is thus that the United States, may always profit by the commotions that agitate France, and which have driven so many men of merit from their country, as well as of the abject state of Spain, which dares not receive them, and thus devote to herself the immense advantages to be derived from their talents their knowledge and their misfortunes.

Hardly was it generally known on this continent, that Mr. Du Bourg, would not leave it, when entreaties arrived from all parts soliciting a reception for a vast number of French children, into the family which was already united under his wing.

Such were the circumstances which determined Mr. Du Bourg to erect a new building, which might serve as an addition to the old seminary, already much too limited, to accommodate the small number of children, he had been under the necessity of receiving. Deprived of his fortune like the other refugees of St. Domingo, surrounded by French families once opulent, but whose fortunes were now not less ruined than his own, he could not foresee what would be the fate of the establishment which he had planned with so much care ; it is well known that good masters are extremely rare in this part of the world and that they are to be obtained only at an expense, which was far beyond the means of the founder, and he could still less flatter himself, with obtaining the assistance of opulent families of this country, as he had determined from principles of delicacy, not to open the door of his growing academy to their children, in the fear of being inimical to, or of giving umbrage, to the houses of education that had been established before his.

It was for this reason, that the first body of the building which was then erected, and which is now called the old College, was constructed on so narrow a plan, and seems to be but an out work amidst the other buildings, that have been successively added ; but which the taste of the founder, and that of some enlightened artist, may convert into an agreeable and regular plan, which it was impossible to form, at the time the buildings were commenced.

In the mean time however, Mr. Du Bourg's academy, did not fail to experience the same rapidity of increase, which is observable in all the establishments of this part of the new world. The opulent inhabitants of the Havanna, having hastened to send their children to Baltimore, to receive the liberal education, which their sovereign had not permitted them to obtain at home ; the increase of wealthy children, in circumstances to discharge all the expences, of a generous and noble education, procured to the founder, the means for which he could not otherwise have hoped, of attracting those masters of fine arts and accomplishments, which it would have been vain to expect, except under circumstances that would enable him to offer them a compensation, proportionate to their merit.

Under these circumstances a fortunate concurrence of events, led to the president, a number of fellow labourers of high merit and above all whose uncommon and disinterested zeal, ably seconded his endeavours.

Every thing assumed a new aspect ; the plans of study were opened and enlarged ; the different classes were formed, the system of discipline was established, the progress of the pupils answered the cares of the professors and the expectations of the parents, and the public examinations and exhibitions at the end of the year, assumed an imposing form.

The confidence reposed in him, increasing every day, all united to invite the president to extend his views, to enlarge and perfect his plan, and to place an unbounded reliance upon the patronage of the public. Every thing seemed to presage, that the Spanish academy of Baltimore, would become the general rendezvous, of all the young nobility of the Spanish colonies, when suddenly a peremptory order, issued from Madrid, obliged the parents to recal their children, and thus levelled a blow at the new College from which it appeared impossible that it ever should recover.

This absolute and unexpected order, dismayed the parents whom it concerned. Several of them tried to elude it in various ways ; some even hoped by deferring the payment of their children's expences, to furnish the president of the College, with a plausible pretext for detaining them. But all was useless, and the representative of his Catholic majesty, having engaged in the name of the king his master, to advance the payments to the College, no further means remained of detaining these pupils any longer in Baltimore. It is doubtless not yet forgotten in

this city that a Spanish corvette came for the purpose of conveying the children to the Havanna, the captain of which after having incurred an immoderate expence, thought himself entitled for the honour of his nation, to receive his creditors, and the constables who came to exact payment, sword in hand, and to menace the town with bombardment, if the magistrates attempted to punish legally, the ill treatment, which their officers had experienced, on board the Spanish vessel.

It would be superfluous to observe, that this unexpected recal of the Spanish pupils, must naturally destroy Mr. du Bourg's growing college. The great but necessary expences, for creating this establishment, were far from being covered. Nothing now remained for its founder, but, the sad resource of disposing of his new house and its furniture, to discharge the debts which he had contracted for the purpose of erecting it. He adopted this idea with the more alacrity, as several of his friends had entreated him to return to France, where he was assured of the most undoubted success in the career of public instruction.

Thus was America on the point of losing a citizen, of the first importance to the education of her youth: Mr. du Bourg prepared to return to Europe with the remnant of his college, when several respectable inhabitants of this city, judiciously desirous of preserving to their country those means of instruction which are yet too rare, pressed him to renounce his project, and to devote himself entirely to the service of the country which had so favourably received him; they entreated that their children might be admitted to those places which the Spaniards had left vacant, assuring him that if he would determine to give the United States this proof of his attachment to her, he might calculate on his part, on the most liberal encouragement.

It appears that these friendly overtures, reanimated the courage of Mr. du Bourg, still however the method proposed to him, presented great difficulties, in the delicate consideration of the diversities of religion. But the wisdom, the prudence, and the moderation of the measures adopted by the President of the College, and his worthy coadjutors, soon overcame all obstacles. It was seen with pleasure that according to the new system of these wise institutors the diversity of religious opinions, did not prevent the children from forming one family, receiving the same instructions in literature and morals, observing one common discipline, and obeying the same professors, as in the government it does not prevent those citizens which it divides with regard to Dogmas, from observing the same laws, respecting the same chiefs, and cherishing the same country.

At the College of Baltimore, where there are such a vast number of children of different persuasions, it is one of its strictest rules, that no discussions on religious points must ever be entered into. On Sundays the pupils are permitted to attend their own churches without restraint, whilst at the same time the Catholic rites are performed in the interior of the College with the utmost decency, for the contiguous Seminary, and the children of that persuasion. Amidst the masters, who are all Catholics, it is impossible to perceive the smallest predilection or partiality whatever, in favour of Catholic pupils.

The Legislature of Maryland, having seen with approbation, how perfectly the rules of the College were in unison with the laws of the state, have made it a point, to protect an establishment, of which the utility and immense importance are so evident.

The affluence of American children, soon abundantly compensated for the loss of the Spanish pupils, and as they increased in numbers every day, the house was very soon again found too small for their accommodation, and it became necessary to make large additions to it.

The state perceiving the real utility of this establishment to the country, determined that its students should not be deprived of the honours to which their merit entitled them, and to which they would have had a claim in the other Colleges of the United States, and therefore by an act of Legislature, they erected the College of St. Mary's into an University in 1804.

In the assembly following, as an encouragement due to the zeal of its able and respectable founder, they granted him the privelege of a lottery, the emoluments of which might enable him to meet the engagements he had contracted for forming so vast an establishment and to complete the yet insufficient and imperfect edifices.

Such is the present state of this important establishment, from whose bosom, we have already seen pupils of the highest promise, and who in the discourses they pronounced, previous to their receiving their degrees on Wednesday last, gave the most brilliant proofs of the solidity of their studies, and the purity of the taste which has directed them.

We flatter ourselves, with the hope of presenting to our readers some extracts from the orations delivered on this occasion, the subjects of which are eminently interesting; such as *honour, and the influence of the fine arts upon the civilization and the glory of nations*; as well

as Mr. du Bourg's very eloquent address, and the interesting discussions of the afternoon.

The friends of the arts, have not seen without interest, the exhibitions of the young people, in their studies of drawing—we recognised in them the correct taste of the European schools; and although the first steps only are taken in a career of such immense extent, and which in itself demands the study of a man's life, we may yet infer from the progress this infant academy has already made, that it will not rest here, but that the next years exhibitions will produce objects still more worthy of attention and encouragement.

An historical Account of the Discovery and Education of a Savage Man; or the first developements, physical and moral, of the young Savage caught in the woods near Aveyron in the year 1798. *By* E. M. Itard, *Physician to the National Institution of Deaf and Dumb, &c. &c.*

To the philosopher these few pages present a most curious and interesting *morçeau*; they exhibit the extraordinary, almost unique model of a human being completely savage; of a human being on whom no solitary ray of civilization had once beamed, and all whose faculties lay completely dormant. From a contemplation of the utter helplessness of this insulated animal, the philosopher is enabled to estimate justly the blessings and advantages of society: and he finds his knowledge enlarged of the natural history of man.

It is a circumstance extremely fortunate, that the young savage of Aveyron should have fallen into the hands of one who could appreciate the importance of his prize: whose judgment was actively employed in the developement of his physical and moral energies, whose scientific eye detected the slow and almost imperceptible progression, and whose hand has recorded the interesting narrative.

We have had accounts of a few individuals, who, in the course of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth, have been found at different intervals, living in a state of solitude among the woods, where they had been abandoned at the most tender age: but such, it is truly observed, was the tardy progress of science, the students of which were devoted to theory and uncertain hypothesis, and to the exclusive labour of the closet, that actual observation was reckoned of no value; and these interesting facts tended little towards improving the natural history of man.

This young savage was taken by three sportsmen as he was endeavouring to escape from their pursuit, by climbing a tree in the woods of Caune, where he had been seen [illegible] time before looking for acorns and roots, on which h[illegible] sisted. He appeared to be about eleven or twelve [illegible] of age, was deeply scratched and otherwise wounde[illegible] various parts of his body, by the bites of animals, and [illegible] the thickets among which he wandered. He was taken t[illegible] Paris, where the curiosity which was at first excited by his appearance soon subsided. "In the midst of this geral indifference, says Mr. Itard, the administrators of the National Institute for the deaf and dumb, and its celebrated director, did not forget that society, in drawing to herself this unfortunate youth, had contracted towards him indispensible obligations, which she was bound to fulfil. Entering then into the hopes which I had conceived from a course of medical treatment they determined that he should be entrusted to my care."

When first taken,

"His eyes were without steadiness, without expression, wandering from one object to another, without fixing upon any thing; so little instructed in other respects, and so little experienced in the sense of touch, that he was unable to distinguish between an object in relief and a painting: the organ of hearing was alike insensible to the loudest noises and the most charming music: that of the voice was still more imperfect, uttering only a guttural and uniform sound: his sense of smell was so little cultivated, that he seemed to be equally indifferent to the odour of the finest perfumes, and to the most fetid exhalations; finally, the sense of feeling was limitted to those mechanical functions which arose from the dread of objects which might be in his way."

His intellectual faculties were as completely torpid as his organs of sensation. His strange and violent gesticulations, together with his rapid and unaccountable transition from joy to melancholy, induced a strong suspicion of idiotism. M. Itard, however was unwilling to accede to the inference: and anxious to make the most complete investigation of so singular a case, he arranged a plan which he hoped might effectuate his purpose.

I reduced, says he, to five principal heads, the moral treatment or education of the savage of Aveyron. My objects were,

"1st. To attach him to social life, by rendering it more pleasant to him than that which he was then leading, and, above all, more analogous to the mode of existence that he was about to quit.

"2d. To awaken the nervous sensibility by the most energetic stimulants, and sometimes by lively affections of the mind.

"3d. To extend the sphere of his ideas, by giving him new wants, and by increasing the number of his relations to the objects surrounding him.

"4th. To lead him to the use of speech, by subjecting him to the necessity of imitation.

"5th. To exercise frequently the most simple operations of the mind upon the objects of his physical wants; and, at length, by inducing the application of them to objects of instruction."

The means employed for the accomplishment of these several purposes, and the degrees of success with which they were attended, constitute the subjects of the ensuing sections. It is impossible too much to admire the maternal tenderness of Madame Guerin towards this hapless youth, or the skilfulness, the perseverance, and the humanity which Mr. Itard continues to exercise in the instruction of him. Let not the slow and reluctant developement of young Victor's faculties, be assumed as an unpropitious omen: the sculptor can more easily form the human face from an unshapen block, than he could alter the chiselled features of an animal, and model them to the similitude of man. Mr. Itard has not only to instruct this youth in the art of remembering, but in the equally or more difficult art of forgetting: he must make him 'unknow his knowledge and unthink his thoughts:' he has not the mere unshapen block before him, but he has to work upon a hard marble which the hand of nature has already sculptured into the likeness of a brute. The long patience, and the delicate skill required for this operation, are scarcely to be conceived: and if it is contemplated with all its difficulties, we shall be rather astonished at the success of the present artist, than discouraged at the tardiness of his progress.

We flatter ourselves that Mr. Itard will continue to note down with accuracy, the gradual metamorphose of each successive feature, and, at intervals, report his advancement.

Among other slips in the translation, we have observed one which demands notice, viz. *Cretans* for *Cretins!*

[*Aikin's Review.*]

FOR THE COMPANION.

We have just perused a very excellent Novel, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth, a lady well known in the literary world. Novel reading in general we certainly would not recommend; the time given to the best of these writings might be employed to much higher advantage: But since in spite of all that reason can urge, the amusement of the fancy will be still more eagerly pursued, than the improvement of the understanding, it would be happy for those who are entirely devoted to Novels and Romances, if all were as worthy of attention as LEONORA—the sentiments are correct, the language elegant, and the story interesting. An American edition of it has been printed and received at Jefferis & co.'s, Baltimore-street.

For the gratification of some of our readers, into whose hands the work may not have fallen, we transcribe the following very pretty description of the Fall of Lauffen, from "Letters written during a tour through Switzerland and Italy, by a native of Pennsylvania." This is a very agreeable work, and we should suppose would be generally perused with pleasure and interest, as it is from the pen of an American.

"The Fall of Lauffen is particularly interesting by moonlight. We were told that when the emperor Joseph was there he arose at midnight to contemplate the effect. *It is flattering to tread in imperial footsteps!* We also got up an hour or two before day-light, and ran half dressed to a little summer house which overlooks the raging torrent: but here we were impatient to be nearer, and, half running, half tumbling, down the rough descent, we mounted with all the eagerness of curiosity, a wooden station that has been erected in the very spray of the cataract, directly over the boiling foam, that rises perpetually, in swelling surges, from the roaring gulph. Here the sweeping torrent seems continually advancing, without ever drawing nearer, and its monotonous roar grows louder and louder to the listening ear. But fair and softly—The Fall of Lauffen, with all its terrors, is no more than a water-spout to the Cataract of Niagara, by which are precipitated, in one deafening torrent, the overflow of congregated seas; one of which (Lake Superior) could drown Switzerland, or absorb all the lakes in Europe."

VARIETY.

Cumberland in the memoirs he has written of himself, exemplifies the danger of venturing too much for popularity, in the following anecdote.

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the youug adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mount-

ed to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in the ascent, he found himself at the very acme of his fame, but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate."

We present our readers with an exquisite bon bouche, in the following delicious lines, by Sir William Jones, written at an early period of his life.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

Written near a spring, between two hillocks, in the neighbourhood of the river Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.

Why should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,
And no just homage be to charming youth and beauty said?
See where the Nymph of the Spring sits inviting us,
With charming waters crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.
What, tho' his margin broad, be rocky, oak'd and willowy?
And what, tho' his ozier banks be spacious, deep and bilowy?
She from her sweet paps, lilied and roseal,
Lies feeding all her laughing buds, with dew drops ambrosial.
Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain nymph,
Far sweeter than a sea nymph, and milder than a mountain nymph.
Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,
And long may her banks be deck'd with flow'rets multifarious;
Long o'er her arched grot may purple-winged Zephyrus
Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.
Yearly to the Naiad shall the roundelay repeated be,
And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.
Say, can we better, boys, chace dull idle Care away,
Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and roundelay?
Stretched on that green hillock's banks, around her rosy nipple, boys,
We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily will tipple boys.
Drinking to damsels lovely and delicious;
Oh! heavens, would they smile on us, like deities propitious.
And, mark! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,
Amerc'd, shall be the miscreant without appeal or scrutiny.

These lines are original; but, judging only by Sir William's translations, we are of opinion, that he has produced no specimen of Asiatic poetry superior, if equal, to this. It is in the true spirit of Hafez, and resembles most those pieces of Asiatic poetry, which by some are thought to have an *arcane* signification. *Vide "Specimen Poese Asiat." Pars tertia, cap.* 9. And of this number, in the judgment of many writers, is the Song of Solomon.

The following is a translation made by an apothecary. The original, in Latin, was by a physician. The subject a gentleman, many years ago of Cambridge, a physician; and that, as far as we know, was his only fault. For the Epigram was written during his life-time, and sent to him as a piece of fun; at which the physician, the subject of the banter, laughed heartily himself.

EPIGRAM

ON A SKILFUL PHYSICIAN.

Hell, at length, has got hold of that old rogue X. V.
Whom the citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think, that since he is come there to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, he will send them from hell.

Did the imagination of poet ever conceive a sweeter thought than this.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wall,
And I a little drop of dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fall,
Oh! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty all the night,
Seal'd on her silk soft folds to rest,
Till flay'd away by Phœbus' light!

STERNE.

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey, was of Cambridge University; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire-side, who was speaking of the clergy, in the mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites.—Sterne got up while the young man was harangueing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favourite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow: "Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world had he not one disorder!" "What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, Sir, (said Sterne) one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder (rejoined the young fellow) pray, how long has he had it?" "Sir, (replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness) ever since he was a puppy!"

THESE ARE FROM THE DELIGHTFUL PEN OF MOORE.

TO MISS——

On her asking the author why she had sleepless nights?

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips;

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest,
Where slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Whioh glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her hearts's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

FOR THE COMPANION.

Amongst the causes to which Burton in his learned, iginal, and very curious work, the Anatomy of Melan-oly, ascribes that disease, are envy hatred and malice, on hich he gives the following excellent chapter.

" Envy and malice are two links of this chain; and th, as is proved by Galen, cause this malady by them-lves, especially if their bodies be otherwise disposed to elancholy, 'tis Valescus de Taranta and Felix Platerus' servation: *envy so gnaws men's hearts, that they become ogether melancholy.* And therefore be like, Solomon lls it, the rotting of the bones. The Sicilian tyrants ver invented the like torments. It exercises their souls, thers their bodies, makes them hollow-eyed, pale, n, and ghastly to behold. " *As a moth gnaws a gar-nt,* (says Chrisostome) *so doth envy consume a man;* be a living anatomy, *a skeleton; to be a lean and pale rcase quickened with a fiend;* for so often as an envious tch sees another man prosper, to be enriched, to rive, and be fortunate in the world, to get honours, of-es, and the like, he repines and grieves: he tortures mself if his equal, friend, neighbour be preferred, re-mmended, do well: if he understand of it, it gauls m afresh; and no greater pain can come to him, than hear of another's well doing; 'tis a dagger at his heart, ry such object. He looks at him (as they that fell wn in Lucian's rock of honour) with an envious eye, d will damage himself to do another a mischief, as he , in Æsop, lose one eye willingly, that his fellow ght lose both, or that rich man in Quintilian, that poi-ed the flowers in his garden, because his neighbour's s should get no more honey from them. His whole life is sorrow, and every word he speaks, a *satire*; nothing suits him but other men's ruin; for to speak in one word, envy is nought else but sorrow for other men's good, be it past, present, or to come, and joy at their harms, opposite to mercy, which grieves at other men's mischances, and this affects the body in another kind. 'Tis a common disease and almost natural to us, to envy another man's prosperity: and 'tis in most men an incurable disease. I have read saith Marcus Aurelius, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee authors; I have consulted with many wise men for a remedy for envy: I could find none, but to renounce all happiness, and to be a wretch, and miserable for ever. 'Tis the beginning of hell in this life, and a passion not to be excused. *Every other sin, hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse, envy alone wants both: other sins last but for a while: the gut may be satisfied; anger vomits; hatred hath an end; envy never ceaseth.* Divine and human examples are very familiar, you may run and read them, as that of Saul and David, Cain and Abel: Rachæl envieth her sister, Joseph's brethren him. David had a touch of this vice; Jeremy and Habbakuk; they repined at others good: but in the end they corrected themselves: Domitian spited Agricola for his worth, that a private man should be so much glorified. Cæcinna was envied of his fellow citizens, because he was more richly adorned. But, of all others, women are most weak: they love or hate, no medium amongst them. Agrippina like, *a woman if she sees her neighbour more neat or elegant, richer in tire, jewels or apparel, is enraged and like a lioness, sets upon her husband, rails at her, scoffs at her, and cannot abide her.* So the Roman ladies, in Tacitus, did at Salonina, Cæcinna's wife, *because she had a better horse, and better furniture; as if she had hurt them with it, they were much offended.* In like sort our gentlewomen do at their usual meetings; one repines or scoffs at anothers happiness. Myrsine, an attic wench, was murdered of her fellows, *because she did excel the rest in beauty.* Every village will yield such example."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much indebted to ARCADES AMBO for his Epigrams; if his muse will take a higher flight, we should be glad to hear from him again.

Dr. Crawford requests the gentleman, who borrowed of him the first volume of the Medical Transactions of the College of Physicians of London, to return it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Should Mr. Easy deem the following attempt of a youthful poetess worthy a place in his interesting miscellany, I have her permission to say it is entirely at his service. J. L.

THE LOST FRIEND,

Or, an adieu to and tear for the illusive phantom, Friendship.

Ye dales and lofty mountains !
Where plays the rustling breeze ;
Ye rivers, lakes and fountains !
That swell the bill'wy seas;
To my untutor'd 'plaints of woe, with willing ear attend,
And raise the voice of grief with me, for I have lost my friend.

I once could taste of pleasure,
My friend was kind and true ;
My joys were passing measure
And, every moment, new :
How sweet, a life of happiness in quiet thus to spend !
But joy and peace are banish'd now, for I have lost my friend.

She is not on the ocean
Nor in the silent grave ;
At no proud lord's devotion,
No haughty tyrant's slave :
No harsh thing have I said or done, that justly could offend ;
Yet, strangely, she has me forgot, and so I've lost my friend.

When we were last together
She vow'd to constant prove ;
(For we were doom'd to sever,
And I compell'd to rove :)
Ah ! little fear'd I, then, such dread misfortunes would impend—
As soon I judg'd the 'sky would fall,' as I should lose my friend,

Ye who, lost love lamenting,
The tedious hours reprove,
While mournfully frequenting
Some sadly-soothing grove ;
Cease more to vent your sorrows, or the brow of grief to bend,
For what is loss of love, compar'd with losing of a friend !

No more I'll trust professions
Or seek a kindred heart,
Which any slight transgressions
Or jealousies may part ;
Self-interest holds the BALANCE, on whose fickle beam depend
The motives that attach or lose an enemy or friend.

Then dry, base tears of sorrow !
I need your aid no more ;
And mean not grief to borrow,
When it can nought restore :
For late, (too late, alas !) I find how vain it is to spend
One anxious tho't, for loss of what was ne'er possess'd—A FRIEND.

AMELIA.

If, in the dearth of original poetry, *of which the editor of the Companion complains, he will accept of* Epigrams, *the following are at his service.*

ON A HANDSOME YOUNG QUACK.

While daily visits young Sangrado pays,
With nostrums stor'd each patient's case to scan,
Each beauteous maid his charming form surveys
And rapturously exclaims " Oh ! *killing* man !"

To a young lady who was collecting original miscellaneous literature.

A lady ask'd a rhymer t'other day,
" Will you make rhymes for my miscellany ?"
But when she urg'd him " yes" or " no" to say,
He answered punningly—" Miss Ellen, nay."

ARCADES AMBO.

The admirers of simple poetry will be pleased with the following selection from the Wild Flowers of Robert Bloomfield.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

How bright with pearl the western sky !
How glorious far and wide,
Yon lines of golden clouds that lie
So peaceful side by side !
Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,
All eyes with rapture see ;
E'en while I sigh I bless the sight
That lures my love from me.

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st upon thy brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
There, in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form, he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill ?
The sun has left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still ;
Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,
Alone the joy pursue ?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn ;
Your eye o'erflow'd, " How sweet," you cried,
(My presence then could move)
" How sweet, with Mary by my side,
" To gaze and talk of love !"

Thou art not false ! that cannot be ;
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence and the stream ;
Whate'er my love, detains thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,
We'll brush the dews away.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment or surety in town.